norms being in the minds of its Areopagus. The wise man lives without a rule of conduct, according to his wisdom. We must try to reach a higher immorality.

Certain people confuse ideas and truths (see Leibniz: *New Essays).* Truths are always good, and ideas often dangerous to display. It might be said that the idea is the temptation of its truth. It is not good to tempt others; God sends each one of us temptations according to the strength of the individual; it is evil and unwise to offer people temptations they cannot overcome. This is why awkward teaching is to be feared, why we must not shout *out* our ideas, for fear that a weak man may hear us.

Truth can be told to all; the idea, in proportion to the strength of each.

In every relationship lies a possibility of influence.

God the rewarcler, the just supervisor. . . . It is good for the soul still in its youth to learn that you cannot lose sight of God wherever you turn.

Possibility of distress: the soul that thinks it has not adored properly. *(Mart de Mile Claire.}**

To know God is to seek him. "You would not seek me,[M] Pascal makes Christ say, "if you had not already found me." This is because, once perceived, we always have an ever greater need to find his adorable presence everywhere. I want to know God only in the study of all things. What others call "gratitude*' I think is my admiration. And that admiration, which I wish to be ever more enlightened, gave me the love of duty. The laws of nature are those of God: happy is he who can know them and follow them; what has he to do with commandments? The tables of the law are eternal, for they are within us. Moses breaks the tables and they nevertheless continue to exist. The man

who willingly submits to them is the wise man; nature makes fools submit. Everything that you do out of duty, your forehead wrinkled with fear, I wish to do out of love, smiling with love, smilingly. And I love God because he is within me; I admire him because he is beautiful; for God is everything, and everything is beautiful to him who can understand.

I tell you all this—which seems to me an excuse for not kneeling on a prayer-stool. But beautiful, strong souls do not need so many words, Their adoration is a joyful exaltation, so natural that it does not even bring the name of God to their lips. Yet they are not arrogant; they are

[8] Later became *La Porte Stroite (Strait is the Gate)* (1909). [Note by the French editor. Such notes will hereafter be indicated by an E, *in* brackets.]